not carry off nor destroy they gave to the negroes and secesh citizens. The army post-office was turned inside out, and letters too, and those from the North were opened, and all that were not carried off were put in a pile and burned in the street.

A large brick building on the square had been filled by our people with shot, shell, and ammunition. Another building on the next block had been filled with post-commissary stores. It was said by citizens that Van Dorn's orders were that these stores should be taken out and burned, but the soldiers having got hold of some whisky, and the carrying out business becoming a little tedious, put fire to the commissary's store, and in half an hour the whole side of the square was in flames. At three o'clock the arsenal was fired, and blew up with a most awful explosion.

While this was going on before our eyes the rebels commenced at one end of the long line, taking the parole of the soldiers. "We know," said they, "that we cannot hold this place. We have accomplished all we came for. We have destroyed your stores and taken your men. We can't take them with us, as we are mounted, therefore we will take your parole not to serve during the war unless exchanged, and let you go." The cotton-buyers, traders, and citizens were then separated from the soldiers and questioned as to their business, etc., by one of General Van Dorn's staff. The questions asked me will serve as a sample: "Where do you live?" "In Newark, Ohio." "Are you connected with the army?" "No, sir." "What are you doing here, sir?" "Well, sir, I am at the house of a friend, Mrs. Captain Barney, who formerly lived at the North, and whose husband is an engineer, and is now with your people in Alabama." "Are you not a cotton buyer, sir?" "Yes, sir; I (a-hem) have invested all my spare money in cotton, and to-day it has *gone up the spout*." "*All right*, not a good speculation. I presume, sir, the Southern cavalry do unexpected things sometimes, sir; I advise you to stay at home, sir, where there is less risk, sir. Let me see your money and papers." I pulled out my wallet, he took it, counted the money, (some $70 in greenbacks) and returned it to me again. He noticed a gold dollar in it, and said. "That little button is worth all the balance." I took the pocket-book without remark, not caring to argue with him just then, for fear I should convince him it was very valuable, and he should take a notion to keep it. He then passed on to the next man.

A friend of mine, Mr. Groat, conductor on the railroad, was examined, and had all his money taken, some $700. His papers and letters were all torn up. Everybody suspected of being connected with the railroad was robbed of everything he had, and many others where the soldiers could get them out a little.

Colonel Murphy was in command here. He was at the telegraph office telegraphing to General Grant for reinforcements, when the rebels came upon the town, and took him prisoner the very first. If he had used the men he had, he might have prevented all.

To judge from the results of the rebel raid into Holly Springs, one would naturally suppose it was a surprise; such, however, was not the case. General Grant knew the whereabouts of Van Dorn's force during every day of the three days previous to the attack upon Holly Springs, and had taken what seemed to be all the necessary precautions to prevent so great a disaster as occurred there.

On Tuesday, the 16th, Colonel Dickey, with about twenty-five hundred cavalry, arrived at Pontotock, a small town about twelve miles southeast of this place, and learned that it was occupied by the enemy in great force, but that they were moving out of it toward the north. Colonel Dickey immediately sent couriers back to General Grant, and from that time until they entered Holly Springs, scouts were kept upon Van Dorn's track, and informed General Grant every day of his whereabouts. So well had General Grant divined Van Dorn's purpose, and so well had he timed his march, that on the evening before the attack he telegraphed from Oxford to Colonel Murphy at Holly Springs that the enemy would attack him about seven next morning, but that he had sent him sufficient reinforcements to drive them off.

The reinforcements were indeed sent from here, to the number of three or four thousand; but, owing to some obstruction in the road near Waterford, they arrived nearly two hours too late, so that the rebel rear-guard had been gone out of the town about an hour when the cavalry advance of our forces rode into it.

At Pontotoc, Colonel Dickey, seeing the great inequality of numbers between his own force and that of the enemy, waited to let them pass through, which they did, without knowing that he was watching them. After Van Dorn had passed through toward the north, Colonel Dickey passed through toward the east, and kept on over to the Mobile and Ohio road, striking it at Saltillo; from that place northward he tore up the track and burned the bridges for thirty miles, making a terrible gap in that great line of communication between the South and the rebel stronghold at Chattanooga.

But to return to the Holly Springs affair: There were enough troops in Holly Springs to have held it against the enemy if any man of courage or judgment had had command. General Grant's dispatch reached Colonel Murphy on the evening previous to the enemy's appearance near the town. There were between five and six hundred infantry, and seven companies of the Second Illinois cavalry, as brave fellows as ever trod shoe-leather or mounted a horse, as the fighting of the infantry-guard at the depot, and the gallant dash of the Illinois cavalry through the rebel forces proves. There were also cotton bales enough in the public square and at the depot to have barricaded every street in the town, so that the enemy's cavalry could not have charged through as they did; but the infantry had received no information of the threatened attack, and the cavalry had only very indefinite knowledge of it. I am credibly informed that the only precautions Colonel Murphy took were to telegraph next morning to General Grant for reinforcements, in the very act of which he was captured by the enemy. The troops fought literally without commanders, except their company commanders, and the major of the Second cavalry. I am also told that the cavalry were ordered by their own colonel to surrender, he threatening to arrest those who were firing. This command the cavalry refused to obey, and charged through the enemy's ranks. In their charge they lost seven men, and killed thirty of the enemy.

The movements of so large an army as this are soon known all over the country, and I have no doubt that long before this letter will reach you, you will have learned, by hook or crook, in spite of the rebels cutting off our communication with the North, that this army began falling back from its position, fifteen miles south of this place, on the day before yesterday, (Saturday.)

We, who had been endeavoring to keep ourselves thoroughly posted about the movements of the enemy, and of our own army, were surprised at the rebel raid toward Jackson. Still more surprised at their entrance into Holly Springs, but when this army, with no enemy threatening it with superior forces, in the front or on the flanks, and as it seemed then for nothing but a cavalry dash into Holly Springs. I say when, as it then seemed, for no other cause, the army began to fall back, and our own troops passing through Oxford toward the north, we were at first worse puzzled than ever. The cause is apparent now. An army of men is none the less relieved from the necessity of eating than the individual man is, and as there is not much left that is eatable in this country, General Pope's plan of subsisting on the enemy could not be put into practice here, and the supplies can come from no direction but the North. Three or four days' rations are not sufficient to push on to Grenada and open the road from there to Memphis. Those who know General Grant best, know that if it could be done he would do it. The army will now probably fall back until the road to Columbus is rendered secure. With the supplies it will then get, it will be able to push on and open new lines of communication with the North.

On Saturday, the 19th, General McArthur's division passed through town on their way southward, and on yesterday passed through again on their return. Day before yesterday everything looked as though we should continue advancing steadily, as we have done since leaving La Grange, but yesterday the face of affairs changed. Cotton, which had begun to come in in large quantities, suddenly got a "very black eye," as they say on 'change; sutlers began to pack up, and to-day everything looks like taking the back-track. A very ridiculous rumor got afloat among outsiders that a tremendous army was marching up from Grenada, and a few of the cotton-buyers, who had heard of the bad fortunes of the brethren at Holly Springs, became very nervous. The troubles of one nervous pair have already become a subject of fun for hundreds. They were lodging together at the hotel, and, like cats, slept with one eye and both ears open. They had gone to bed early, with the intention of getting up in good season and leaving the town with the first division of the army. They had just dozed off in uneasy slumbers when a drum was beaten at rather an unusual hour, in some one of our distant camps. "O my Lord!" says H——, "there's the long roll! the enemy are coming sure enough! There's going to be a battle right here! What *shall* we do?" Both were now up on end, listening to the sound. The drum continued to roll, and as the wind carried the sound about, it came now near and loud, now faint and far, like the sound of some ghostly drum beaten by spirits in the air. Presently a stronger gust of wind brought the sound, apparently, right under their window. This was too much. In an instant they were on their feet hunting distractedly in the dark for boots, pantaloons, coats, etc. H—— was so "clean daft," as the Scotch say, that he could find nothing but his coat (which contained his money) and his spurs. Some fun-loving acquaintance, or the boot-black of the hotel, if the hotel was guilty of that institution, had carried off his boots. After a vain search for them, he drew on the coat, clapped the spurs on his stocking feet, and started down stairs for his horse. "But," says W——, "won't the guard arrest us if we are out after night without the countersign?" "Eh?" "countersign!" "guard!" and H—— paused for an instant on the stairs. Just then another puff of wind brought the sound of the drum from the distant hills; that decided the matter; down stairs they went, out to the stable, clapped on saddles and bridles, mounted horse and away, and for three miles out from the north side of Oxford, their flight from the sound of that drum was equal to Tam O'Shanter's race with the witches across the bridge.

Toward breakfast-time, not finding the road full of crowds, running away like themselves, and the woods around looking rather guerrillaish, they concluded that it would be better to show their pluck by coming back to town. Last night, one of the pair, H——, determined to have more courageous company, and changed his lodging-place. On going to bed, he inquired of his room-mate if the enemy would be likely to search a man's stockings for money, in case he was captured? On being told that they probably would not think to look in them, he stowed away six thousand dollars in one of the stockings, which he took the precaution to wear on his feet during the night. In the morning he had forgotten where he had put the money, and went to a mutual friend of himself and room-mate, with a grievous story of his room-mate having robbed him. Half an hour after his room-mate heard of it, and told him that his money was in his own stockings.

Ridiculous as the foregoing story may appear, it is all true, to which there are numbers here can attest.

TURNING NEGROES WHITE.

A Cincinnati physician, one Dr. Quirell, has discovered a drug which turns the negro's skin white. The discovery, according to the editor of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, was accidental. He was treating a dark mulatto woman for a tumor, and shortly after beginning the treatment white patches appeared on her skin. As she took more of the drug the patches increased in size, and at the present time more than one-half of her person is white. She has been taking the medicine for three years. The color of the altered epidermis is a warm white, undistinguishable from the ordinary Caucasian hue. It will take but a couple of years more to transform the woman into a pure white female. Thinking that there might be something peculiar in the woman's case which affected the skin, Dr. Quirell has experimented on a negro boy who came to him for treatment for a disease which permitted the use of the same drug. Shortly after it was administered the white blotches began to appear on his skin. Dr. Quirell declines to tell the name of his drug as yet, as he has not completed his investigations, but he believes that he holds in his hands the sponge that will wipe out the color line entirely. Now that science has taken up the problem it will be altogether impossible to tell whether a new acquaintance is a white man or a galvanized darkey.

MODERN MARRIAGE.

A hat, a cane,
A nobby beau!
A narrow lane,
A whisper low.

A smile, a bow,
A little flirt!
An ardent vow
That's cheap as dirt!

A hand to squeeze,
A girl to kiss,
Quite at one's ease,
Must needs be bliss.

A ring, a date,
A honeymoon,
To find too late
It was too soon!

SERGEANT HORNUS.

From the French of Alphonse Daudet.

The regiment was fighting upon a slope of the railroad, and served as a mark for the whole Prussian army massed opposite in the wood. They were exchanging shots at eighty metres. The officers shouted, "Down! down!" but no one would obey, and the proud regiment remained on its feet, grouped about its standard. In the broad stretch of fading sunlight, of grain in the ear, of pasture grounds, this mass of men, tossing, enveloped in confused smoke, had the air of a herd of animals surprised in an open field by the first whirlwind of a formidable tempest.

It rained lead upon that slope. One heard only the crack of the fusilade, the hollow sound of mess plates rolling into the ditch, and the balls, which made long vibrations from one end of the field of battle to the other, like the stretched strings of some sinister and sonorous instrument. From time to time the standard, which was raised overhead, agitated by the wind of the canister shot, sank amid the smoke; then a voice arose, grave and commanding, sounding above the fusilade; the death-rattles, the oaths of the wounded: "To the flag, my children, to the flag!" Instantly an officer leaped forward vague as a shadow in the red mist, and the heroic standard, restored to life, again soared over the battle.

Twenty-two times it fell! Twenty-two times its still warm staff, escaped from a dying hand, was seized, lifted up again, and when, as the sun disappeared, what remained of the regiment—scarcely a handful of men—slowly retreated, the standard was but a rag in the hands of Sergeant Hornus, the twenty-third standard-bearer of the day.

This Sergeant Hornus was an old fellow with three stripes on his arm, who hardly knew how to sign his name and had been twenty years winning promotion to the ranks of a sub-officer. All the misery of a foundling, all the brutishness of the barrack, could be seen on his low and resolute foreheard, on his back crooked by the knapsack, in his stolid bearing of a soldier in the ranks. With this, he stuttered a little, but, to be a standard-bearer, one has no need of eloquence. On the very evening of the battle his colonel said to him: "You have the flag, my brave man; keep it." And upon his wretched campapote, terribly faded by the rain and the fire, the cantiniere immediately sewed the gold embroidery of a sub-lieutenant.

This was the sole ambition of a life of humility. At once the form of the old soldier straightened up. The poor creature, accustomed to march bent, his eyes on the ground, would for the future have a proud face, a glance always lifted to see that stripe of bunting float and hold it upright, very high, above death, treason, and defeat.

Never was a man as happy as Hornus on the days of battle, when he held his flagstaff with both hands, firmly planted in the leather support. He spoke not, he moved not. Serious as a priest, he seemed to be holding something sacred. All his life, all his strength was in his fingers, clenched around the beautiful, gilded rag upon which the balls hailed, and in his eyes full of defiance which looked the Prussians straight in the face with an air of saying: "Try to take it from me!"

No one tried, not even death. After Borny, after Gravelotte, those fearfully sanguinary battles, the flag went everywhere, cut, torn, transparent with wounds; but it was always old Hornus who bore it.

Then September came, the army in Metz, the siege and that long halt in the mud when the cannon rusted, when the finest troops in the world, demoralized by inactivity, by the lack of food and news, were dying of fever and weariness at the foot of their defense. Neither chiefs nor soldiers, no one, had any further faith—Hornus still alone was confident. His tri-colored tatter was everything to him, and while he knew that it was safe it seemed to him that nothing was lost. Unfortunately, as the fighting had ceased, the Colonel kept the flag at his quarters in one of the suburbs of Metz, and the brave Hornus was somewhat like a mother whose infant is out to nurse. He thought of it incessantly. Then, when he felt too uneasy, he ran all the way to Metz, and the mere sight of it still in the same place, motionless against the wall, sent him back full of courage, of patience, bearing to his soaked tent dreams of battle, of marching in the van, with the tri-color spread out to its utmost extent floating over the Prussian trenches.

An order of the day from Marshall Bazaine destroyed all these illusions. One morning Hornus, on awakening, saw the whole camp in an uproar, the soldiers in groups, greatly animated, exciting each other with cries of rage; with every fist lifted toward the same quarter of the city, as if their ire designated a culprit, they shouted: "Let us drag him out! Let us shoot him!" And the officers did not check them. They walked apart with bowed heads, as if ashamed to look their men in the face. It was, indeed, infamous. They had just read to a hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, well armed, still sturdy, the order of the Marshal which surrendered them to the enemy without striking a blow.

"And the standards?" asked Hornus, turning pale. The standards were given up with the rest, with the muskets, with what remained of the equipments, everything.

"Th—th—thunder of heaven!" stammered the poor man. "They shall never have mine!" And he started for the city on a run.

There, also, great animation reigned. National Guards, citizens, gardes mobiles were shouting, agitating themselves. Deputations passed, trembling, going to the Marshal's quarters. Hornus saw nothing, heard nothing. He spoke to himself as he ascended the Rue de Faubourg:

"Take my flag from me! God above! is it possible? Has he the right? Let him give to the Prussians what is his own—his gilded coaches and his beautiful silver plate brought from Mexico! But the standard, that's mine. It's my honor. No one shall touch it."

All these bits of phrases were torn by his speed and his stammering speech; but in his brain the old man had his idea. It was a clear, firmly fixed idea—to seize the standard, bear it away into the midst of the regiment, and pass over the bodies of the Prussians with all those who would follow him.

When he reached his destination he was not even allowed to enter. The Colonel, who was also furious, declined to see anyone, but Hornus was not to be put off thus.

He swore, hurled himself upon the guard and shouted: "My flag—I want my flag!" At last a window opened.

"Is it you, Hornus?"

"Yes, Colonel, I—"

"All the standards are in the arsenal; you have but to go there and get a receipt for yours."

"A receipt? What good will that do me?

"Such is the Marshal's order."

"But Colonel—"

"Be quiet, will you!" And the window closed again.

Old Hornus staggered like a drunken man.

"A receipt—a receipt," repeated he mechanically. At length he walked away, comprehending but one thing, that the flag was in the arsenal and he must get it, no matter what the cost.

All the doors of the arsenal were wide open to admit the Prussian army wagons which were waiting drawn up in the court-yard. Hornus trembled as he entered. All the other standard-bearers were there, fifty or sixty officers, mournful, silent; and those wagons, sombre beneath the rain, those men group behind them, with bare heads; it looked like a funeral.

In a corner all the standards of Bazaine's army were heaped, mixed together upon the muddy pavement. Nothing could be more sorrowful than those rags of gaudy silk, those wrecks of gold fringe and of carved staffs—all those glorious objects hurled to the ground, soiled by the rain and the mud. An officer of the commissariat took them up one by one and as his regiment was called out each standard-bearer advanced to procure a receipt. Stiff, impassable, two Prussian officers superintended the loading of the wagons.

And you were to depart thus, oh! holy, glorious tatters, displaying your wounds, sadly sweeping the pavement like birds with broken wings! You were to depart with the shame of beautiful things in disgrace, and each one of you would bear away a little of France. The sunlight of long marches would remain among your faded folds. In the marks of balls you would keep the remembrance of the unknown dead, killed by chance shots beneath the banner aimed at.

"Hornus, it is your time. You are called; go and get your receipt."

A receipt, indeed!

The flag was there before him. It was truly his—the most beautiful, the most mutilated of all, and, on beholding it once more, he thought himself again upon the slope of the railroad. He heard the balls whistle, the clattering mess-plates and the voice of the Colonel shouting: "To the flag, my children!" Then he saw his twenty-two fallen comrades, and himself, the twenty-third, leaping forward in his turn to lift and support the poor standard, which was reeling for want of arms. Ah! that day he had sworn to defend it, to keep it until death! And now—

At these thoughts all his heart's blood mounted to his head. Drunken, beside himself, he sprang upon the Prussian officer, tore from him his beloved standard, which he grasped with all his strength; then he strove to raise it again, high overhead, straight as a mast, shouting, "To the fla—" but his voice expired in his throat. He felt the staff tremble, slip from between his hands. In that oppressive atmosphere, that atmosphere of death which hangs so heavily over surrendered cities, the flags could not float, nothing noble could live—and old Hornus fell dead, his beloved standard fluttering down upon him and reverently covering his corpse.

TRICYCLES FOR TRAVELLING.

Stored Electricity as a Means of Propelling the Vehicle of the Future.

It is to the tricycle, in some of the many forms it is now assuming, that we look as the travelling-carriage of the future. Within a very short time it has come extensively into use, and as it is available for ladies as well as gentlemen, and is safe and steady for old as well as young, while the clergyman and doctor can use it without that sacrifice of dignity which is supposed to be involved in the use of the bicycle, it will be seen that the tricycle appeals to a very wide constituency indeed. It is impossible to say how many of these useful machines are already in use, and it is equally impossible for the candid critic to affirm which of the countless patterns in vogue is the best. It is enough to say that a person of average strength can, with practice, propel himself (or herself) over ordinary roads at the rate of six, eight, or even ten miles per hour, without any extraordinary exertions or fatigue; while if two club together and sit side by side on a "sociable," the labor is considerably diminished. What pleasanter mode of spending a holiday can there be than for a man to take his wife through the country in this fashion? The luggage is strapped behind; you start at what hour you please, taking whatever route you prefer; you halt when and where it suits you, and have no trouble with your horse when the day's journey is done. The travelling costs you nothing, unless it be a few pence for turnpikes. You save your railway fare; and you see more of the country than you could possibly do in any other way, while the moderate exercise—which you need never permit to become irksome—will do you a thousand times more good than lounging on the sands or rushing over the continent.

Still, we admit, we have not proved our point. The question is, whether these modes of locomotion will ever supplant, in any large degree, our present method. We acknowledge that so long as any physical labor whatever has to be performed in the propulsion of tricycles, they will not come into universal use. Let us not forget, however, that in many districts where railway accommodations is *nil* or defective, they are used very extensively for business as well as pleasure. Postmen, and doctors especially, have taken readily to this method of locomotion. But inventions are in progress, and have, indeed, been already perfected, which promise to take the tricycle out of the category of velocipedes, or foot-work machines, and give it a far greater value and importance.

It is well known that one of the first uses that M. Faure made of his new discoveries relating to the storage of electricity, was to propel a tricycle, and the speed he then obtained was ten miles per hour; and in this connection it appears as though the French, who were the first to introduce the modern bicycle about fourteen years ago, will be the first to manufacture its direct descendant through a clearly traceable evolution, the electric tricycle. With such a machine, supposing that the cost of producing the power be not prohibitive, we can foresee the day when the family party will journey down to Brighton on a fine afternoon by road instead of rail; when the splendid main roads of our country will again be thronged with travelers moving along easily, safely, and inexpensively, not in swaying coaches, but in smoothly-rolling tricycles; when the old Red Lion and Blue Boar, deserted these last forty years, will again become gay and busy; and when the long-neglected villages and by-lanes will be explored by tourists who will never want to catch a train.—*Chambers's Journal.*

DEADLY WAYS OF DRESSING.

A Crusade Against Corsets, Petticoats, Tight Boots, and Twenty Buttoned-Gloves.

A lecture on the present style of dress was delivered by Mr. Frederick Treves, at Kensington, under the auspices of the National Health Society. The lecturer observed that the primary objects of clothing, to cover the body and maintain it at an equable temperament, have little or no concern in some of the dresses of the period. In the low evening dress the arms, necks, and upper part of the chest and back are bare, while about the lower extremities is accumulated a mass of raiment that would garb a dozen children. In the ordinary dress of women little regard is had for maintaining an equable temperature of the body. The covering of the upper part of the chest above the line of the corset is very thin—perhaps that of the dress only. The region of the corset is reasonably covered, while about the hips many layers of clothing are massed. Thus the body may be divided geographically into a frigid, a temperate, and a torrid zone. As regards tight lacing Mr. Treves said if the most beautiful female outline is that of a young, normal, well-developed woman, then a narrow waist is hideous. A miniature waist is a deformity under any circumstances, and few deformities are pleasing. The waist is an inflection of the body between the lowest rib and the hip bone. No normal woman is waistless, although its conspicuousness depends somewhat on development. Children have normally no waist, and a tight laced child is a gross and pitiable deformity. The normal waist has a circumference of about twenty-eight or twenty-nine inches; the "elegant" waist should be twenty inches; the waist measurement of dressmakers' lay figures now varies from twenty-one to twenty-five inches. Those who wish to improve their figures by stays have before them the conceptions of a twenty inch waist Venus. To the outline of this hour glass they aspire. The normal waist is quite oval; the fashionable waist quite round. Women with miniature waists who maintain that such waists are natural to them, and are independent of art, must have been born deformed. No person enters this world with a ready made fashionable waist. As regards health, the tapering waist is effected mainly by a compression of the five lower ribs, these ribs being more movable than all the rest. There is a popular delusion to the effect that there is plenty of empty space inside the body, and into this space the displaced organs are pushed in tight lacing. Tight lacing means a depression not of skin, muscle, and bone, but of liver, stomach, and lungs. Even a slight amount of constriction affects these organs, and stays that are by no means tight lessen the capacity of the chest for air. *Post mortems* on tight lacers show the liver deeply indented with the ribs, and more or less seriously displaced. The stomach is also commonly affected, as, too, are the lungs. The diseases that commonly result are chronic dyspepsia, liver derangements, disturbances of nutrition, &c. Tight lacing, moreover, renders more or less useless the diaphragm, or principal muscle of respiration. The breathing powers of the narrow-waisted are always seriously impaired, and hence follows possibly the languor, the inability for exertion, the tendency to faint, &c. The circulation, moreover, is interfered with, and certain cases are reported of death from apoplexy in young women who have tight laced. Stays injuriously affect the muscles of the back. These muscles become wasted because their function, that of supporting the spine, is absorbed by the corset, and they exhibit the usual changes of muscles that have been long disused. Thus the back is actually weakened by the use of stays, and those women who maintain that they cannot do without the support of stays make use of the argument of the opium-eater, who, after having by indulgence developed a craving for the drug, asserts that he cannot do without it. Under no circumstances do young girls require stays, and to the bulk of young women also the same remark applies. A modified corset, composed merely of some stiff materials, and devoid of all bands and whalebone, etc., may be used by those who incline to stoutness, or whose busts are prominent, and by women who have been mothers. Such a corset or bodice would merely give that slight amount of support required for comfort and appearance. The lecturer next referred to shoes and boots, and denounced pointed toes and high heels. He thought the amount of clothing usually worn by women was too great, and that the number of petticoats was often excessive. These garments have for their primary object the protection of the lower extremities, but if additional warmth is required for these parts surely the use of an extra petticoat or so is not the most sensible way of supplying it. Not only do petticoats add greatly to the weight of dress to be carried, but they throw a very injurious burden on the hips around which they are attached. Several petticoats suspended layer by layer about the waist cannot have other than an injurious effect upon health, and the evil is especially obnoxious to young girls, in whom the hips are narrow and in whom the garments cannot be properly supported without a considerable amount of constriction of the waist. If these garments must be worn, let them be attached to a bodice, or let them be suspended from the shoulders by a modified form of brace. A far more sensible way of clothing the lower extremities is provided by the so-called combination garment, which is a most valuable addition to reasonable and healthy dress. Gloves, with a fabulous number of buttons, that cover nearly the entire arm, and with closeness of fit, and with impermeability of structure, must seriously interfere with the action of the skin of the upper extremities. There was need of a dress both sensible and pretty, and the evolution of such a dress would appear to be at present somewhat hindered by the action of these very persons who oppose fashionable costume. The Greek dress, somewhat recently introduced, was not only extremely graceful, but it was also healthy, and may, with some little ingenuity, be adapted to all the circumstances of every-day life.

PRESIDENTIAL TROUT FISHING.

How General Arthur and ex-Senator Conkling Enjoyed Themselves on Long Island.

The fishing excursion of President Arthur to Austin Corbin's farm, on Long Island, a few days ago, will always, remarks a New York journal, remain a memorable episode, not only in the history of the President, but also in that of trout fishing.

The party comprised five—the President, Mr. Conkling, Mr. Smythe the insurance man, Police Commissioner French, and Austin Corbin.

"It was an awfully bad day for fishing," Mr. French said, speaking of his experience; "the wind blew like sixty. I and Corbin did the rowing. I pulled up Conkling, while Corbin pulled up Arthur."

"How was the fishing?"

"Well, the pond is so large that the trout are quite wild, very gamey, in fact, and it takes a skilled angler to catch them. The President caught about fifty or sixty, some of them magnificent, big fellows, evidently well fed."

The fishing was only interrupted at three o'clock by luncheon, and it was half-past seven when the delighted President, with his goodly load of trout, the police commissioner, with his eel, ex-Senator Conkling, with also quite a number of fine fish, Mr. Smythe, with his crow-bar, and Mr. Corbin, with a dinner-bill-of-fare-studying countenance, returned to their hospitable shelter. The dinner, seasoned by a glorious appetite, was an immense success. Mr. Conkling was at his best, telling no end of excellent stories about the Senate in its olden days, Matt Carpenter, Tom Corwin and other of his colleagues, dead and gone, and the President, who was in one of his classical humors, (he is a remarkable Latin scholar and great memorist of poetry,) quoted Horace and his most delightful epicurean sayings appropriate to the occasion, "Thompson's Seasons," which he knew by heart, &c. The *menu* was a masterwork of gastronomical art entwined with historical research. It was as follows:

MENU.

Clams from Manhattan Beach.
Eels a la French sauce Sag Harbor.
Brook trout a la Arthur, with White (House) sauce.
Lamb chops, Roscoe, with Uticarian green peas.
Big joint of beef garnished with asparagus a la Albani.
Salad a la Fort Pond Bay.
Desert (ed Politics.)

"Dinner time," said Police Commissioner French, "the President and Mr. Conkling spoke of their long and uninterrupted friendship, now extending for twenty years past. The President asked Mr. Conkling if he remembered when they first met, and he replied that he did so perfectly, and recalled the circumstance with minutest detail. They met some twenty years ago in an interior town in this State for the first time. The President, who has a most marvellous memory and who never forgets anything, corroborated him in every particular."

"And no politics or 'shop' of any kind was talked?" "No politics at all."

At half-past ten o'clock, after a cigar and parting from their kind host the party returned to New York, making the trip in forty minutes. On their arrival at the New York side they, very democratically, took the Fourth Avenue horse cars. What was their disgust when the car stopped at the Fourth Avenue stables, and it was announced that the accommodation of this six cent, extra-privileged horse car line had ceased for the night! And so, still more democratically, the President, carrying his own fishing tackle, as Aleck was loaded up with bags, and the others equally equipped in sportsmanlike fashion, the party trudged patiently to their homes, President Arthur repeating once more what he had already told his host at parting, that he had never enjoyed more thoroughly a day's sport.

A SINGULAR PENSION CASE.

On May 6 the following dispatch appeared in *The Republican* of this city:

TROY, N. Y., May 5.—Jay Spencer, formerly of Owego, but recently of Corinth, Saratoga county, left home on April 1 for Washington to investigate the non-arrival of his pension check. Three weeks later a letter was received from New Jersey by his wife stating that a tramp had been arrested with her husband's traveling-bag and pension papers in his possession. Nothing has been heard from Spencer since his departure. An investigation is in progress.

The facts in connection with the case are rather peculiar, and almost read like one of Charles Reade's original sensational plots. Last Tuesday Jay Spencer walked into police headquarters with a copy of *The Republican*, and told Lieutenant Eckloff that he had noticed the above paragraph and showed it to a policeman, who told him to go to headquarters and report. Spencer made the following explanation: He is a resident of Corinth, Saratoga county, New York, and left there April 1 to come here to look after his pension money. He put his satchel, containing his papers and $40 in money, on the rack, and while dozing it was stolen. Arriving here he reported the facts to the Commissioner of Pensions, and fell sick, and being without money, he was sent to the Soldiers' Home at Hampton. Through neglect he failed to notify his wife of his whereabouts. Now comes the strangest part of the history. After Spencer's mysterious disappearance a tramp was arrested, and on his person were found his pension papers and quite a large sum of money. He was arrested and held to await an investigation. About this time the body of a man was found in the woods in such a badly decomposed state that it could not be identified. The chain of circumstantial evidence now seemed to completely envelop the tramp, and it was commonly believed he was the murderer. Spencer was advised to write his wife at once, and did so, and his letter will of course release the tramp from the suspicion of the capital charge.

A petition in favor of sending Guiteau to an insane asylum, started in this city, has received only about thirty signatures.